

CORRADI



CN
N86co
Fall 1989

Air - II

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system, featuring a piano (p) and a saxophone (sax) part. The piano part is in the left hand, and the saxophone part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).



"Adam and Eve" Bill Fick 1988 Linocut

CORADDI

UNCG's Magazine of the Arts
Fall 1989



CORADDI

EDITOR

Wil Gehne

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Ricq Pattay

ART EDITOR

Chad Cameron

PHOTOGRAPHY

Cathie Somers

LITERARY EDITOR

David Andrew

TYPOGRAPHY

Stephanie Wright

OFFICE MANAGER

Molly Ramsey

FACULTY ADVISORS

William Tucker

Carl Billingsly

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Untitled Rob Coleman 1989 Ink 14"x17"



CORADOL

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Photo by David Hervey

Madison at Saturday

Cold
that's the way I like to drink
my cities

Air
pouring through
gaps in steel and concrete
shove me around
and bus stops
any flavor you like

Outside
one feels awake
the struggle with coatsmittensboots
against Hegelian antitheses
on the outside
brings me toasty warmth
inside.

Mike Drennan

SUN BURST RAYS

Dust kicks up around the
hum of a single twelve inch fan

Beer cans struedel the
glassywet hardwood floor

Bodies fallen from grace
collapse in heaps around me

This morning a cab smashed
the deli next door--no one hurt

Beside the cab a man's shaky
hand reaches for help

Sun-burst rays through
uncovered Brooklyn window.

Jeff Whisnant

THE WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE

A mile below Mitchell's summit,
below the snack bar and the pine-scented pencils,
the trail disappears among jackstraw trees,
work of the careless aphid. Stepping around
stump-spill, we follow a suggestion of ferns,
guessing at strewn leaves, pretending
we know where we are.

Suddenly I think of Elisha Mitchell, measuring
this peak a hundred years ago, slipping
over a waterfall while lost at night,
found floating ten days later,
his name diffused into stone.
In the dark shade of the rhododendron,
black as Puritan clothes, I picture
myself felling trees, hacking, pushing back
the fringe of my fear with cabins
and cold churchyards. Each chop recoils
through the ax handle and tightens
my spine, each stump a jagged mirror.

Through heath-hells and rough gullies
choked with roots, we work
toward the trailhead, pulling up
hand over hand, the only way
back to what we know, back
to what we cannot pretend.

Ken Chamlee

Finale

(for Anne Sexton)

Everyone is entitled
to at least one mistake
That's why the blue curtains
hang from the rods like
suicidal ghosts and the air
is as thin as a single sheet
of typing paper trapped in the
machine's round mouth
The mirrors are dusty,
streaked with mascara
that zig-zags, then dies
like a failing heart monitor
and the blue curtains hang
from the trees of the ceiling
like gangsters in a forest tomb.

And the baby ripped her heart out
with rigid metal fingers
just to feel passion coursing
above mother's alabaster skin
Just to walk inside the devil's
shoes as calm and red as ever
and to swim between the shores
of winding purple lights
It's all right in the end
when the black mascara rains
There is no Armageddon
Only fools fight in that battle
who arm themselves with dying drapes
and empty rocking cradles.

Charlotte Frye

RICHLANDS

Should have waited
for a summer return
to this place of flat ground
winter desolation

At five AM
the streets are empty
as they are
at six
and so on
and the two
traffic lights
of this tiny town
produce the
only movements
and sounds
until nine
when the new breed
ambles in
after the cold
country night

The paralytic veteran
and his general store
are there
he is there
in spirit
his store
now occupied
by the boy accountant
Chapel Hill grad
no doubt

all the buildings
still stand
gutted
and alien
inside
Renovated

The houses
of the Victorian
and Ante-Bellum streets
still stand
but I found
little
familiar
in their serenity

the picket fences
are gone
rotted perhaps or eaten
by some lost generation
of termites
or it may be
that those people
I remember
took them
when they went away

Chris Hiatt

MULTNOMAH FALLS (3500 MILES)

Fireworks the sign said
peeling orange and green
and red faces with black eyes
twisted around a splintered door
intent and narrow cause
the army trucks lined up
on the highway
are so obvious in their camouflage.

The empty sky is stretching
the train tracks like a bow.

The water flies out of stone
and explodes like the stricken
breath
of sacrifice
forced through the throat by a crushed backbone
pummeled into constellations
stolen by the currents flow
like some fallen pillar of Rome.

The oldest eye
sees shining black
the braided time
the streaming silence
the Eagle woman thrown down
to cure her people's sickness.

The water falls like twisting souls now
down on cheap copper wishes
that hide the shifting sand with gleaming rust.

Pennies for heaven
and Indian heads.

A small boy stands
picking at the plastic seam
of his toy war machine
spitting into the water
watching how far it falls.

Amy Wilkinson



a kind of suicide

depression
crept in
like
autumn,
blinding
the light,
taking the green,
and if he
could die
he would
crawl
through
the dead
grass until
he had fallen
on every
blade.

Charlotte Frye

The devil

wears a brown and tan leisure suit
with a shirt collar pointed wide as hell
he's got a receding hairline
a satellite dish
and all the Time Life books
on home repair
they made
he's never read them
he usually sits alone listening
to Leonard Cohen records
sometimes watches cable
goes to movie theaters
always says "bless you"
when anyone sneezes

He smiles a lot
and when he frequents the Golden Arches
he tips the cashier 15%
and talks to people in line
he tells them "I know Gilligan
never really got off that island"

Evan D. Smith



Untitled Audrey Sage 1989 Woodcut 7 x 12"



Untitled Audrey Sage 1989 Woodcut 3"x3"



"Alex Doing Math" Harriet Mayer 1989 Woodcut 8 1/2"x8 1/2"



"Bob" Todd Drake 1989 Woodcut 9 1/4"x12"



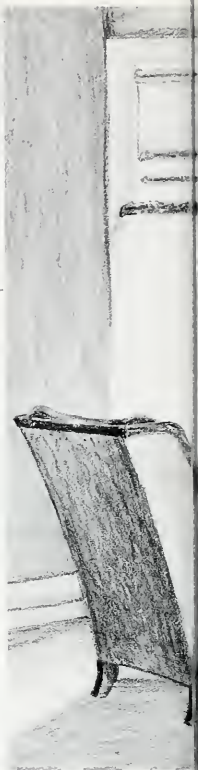
"Woman Vacuuming the Lawn" Harriet Mayer
1989 Woodcut 4 3/4"x3 1/2"



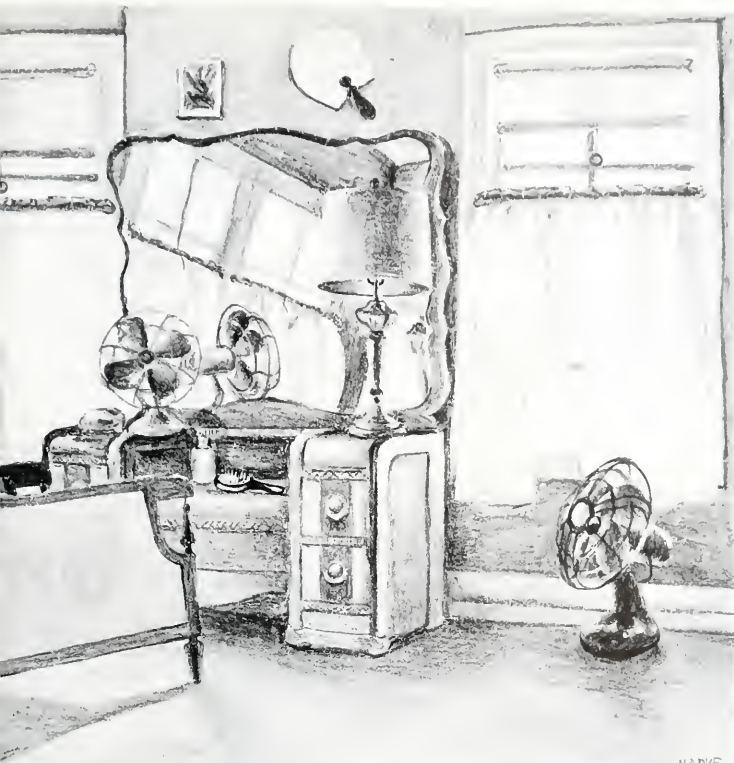
Untitled Todd Drake 1989 Woodcut 7 1/4"x10"



"Spring Garden Street" Diana Light
1968 Aqua Tint 5 3/4"x9"



Untitled Jim Counts 1989 Photo 9"x6"



"Where's Fat Kitty?" Debora L. Kapke 1989 Lithograph 15 1/2"x12"



"Grimms XI" Brent Seckman 1989 Ink 8"x11"





Honest Text(s)



Winners of the 1989-90 *Coraddi Fiction Contest*

Judged by Orson Scott Card

First Place **Salesmen of the
Apocalypse**

Clint McElroy

Second Place **Night, Katie**

Marga Webb

Third Place **The Model**

William Campbell

A resident of Greensboro, Orson Scott Card is a fiction writer of considerable accomplishment. Primarily working in the mode of science fiction, the long catalogue of his published titles includes, *Songmaster*, *Seventh Son* and *A Planet Called Treason*. In 1985, he won the crown jewels of the science fiction world, the Nebula and Hugo Awards, for his novel *Ender's Game*. He is currently enrolled in UNCG's MFA program in Creative Writing. *Coraddi* is pleased to welcome Mr. Card to the growing list of fine authors who have served as our literary judges.



Salesmen of the Apocalypse

By Clint McElroy

Hank was naturally upset when he found that Jeanette, the secretary, had bought decaf.

"Caffeine is poison," she said. "I have your best interest in mind. I mean, somebody has to look after you."

Mort was working on the payroll when Hank asked him if he thought Cleveland would be able to make it to the playoffs again this year.

"Sure. They can do it," Mort said, among other things.

The air conditioning was broken again, and Hank sweated as he talked on the phone to the guy in Detroit who was about to back out of the distributorship.

"You gotta understand, Sal," said Hank.

Sal understood after much prodding and gave Hank a couple more days to fill the order. Grateful Hank went to the water-cooler.

Jeanette was getting some water, too.

"Sorry about the decaf hassle, Jeanette," Hank said. "It's not that I don't appreciate your concern."

Jeanette went back to her desk and ate a couple

of oat bran cookies to combat the cholesterol in her bloodstream.

Hank knew why she ate the cookies faithfully every day, and seeing her eating them made him think of his grandparents who lived in the country before they died.

They ate ham, eggs and cheese every day. Lived to be in their nineties—both of them. Grandma only died because she missed Grandpa after he was gone, and he just died because he was old.

Hank's phone rang. It was the big cheese, Ed "the Wanger" Langer, as the boys in the office called him.

"Yes, Ed. The Detroit deal is still on. . .

"Yes, I know that's great, but if you don't get those assholes in shipping off their asses it's gonna be history. . .

"I know, Ed. I gotta calm down. But it's a big deal, Ed. I want this one for all of us. For the company. . ."

Hank hung up the phone. For the company and my commission, Wanger.

Jeanette was painting

her nails. Hank could see her from his desk, since his office door was open.

"Morning, Hank!" said Duffy, Hank's best friend at the office, as he walked through the door and plopped down in the wing-backed chair that sat against the wall next to Hank's desk. "What's up, old man?"

Duffy made a habit of calling Hank 'old man,' since Hank was a couple of months older than Duffy.

"The Wanger won't get up the balls to put the heat on those stupid fuckers in shipping," Hank said. "If they make me lose that Detroit deal I'm gonna have a cow."

"What'd you tell him?" asked Duffy.

"That I was concerned for the company."

"He didn't believe that shit for a minute."

"I know, but he got the idea."

Duffy got up from the chair and walked over to Hank's window, which overlooked the bus stop in front of the post office.

"The preacher's going full force," said Duffy.

The preacher was a black guy who stood on

the corner and loudly proclaimed his version of the meaning of the Bible for all to hear. Sometimes he wore a vintage Red Ryder gunbelt, with toy cap pistols in the holsters, while he preached. When he wore the belt, he'd pull one of the pistols and fire a couple of shots when he thought he'd made a really good point. After firing the shots, he'd always spin the pistol around on his finger, re-holster it with a flourish and give a smile that showed most of his pearly white teeth.

"He'd have made a hell of a salesman if he'd have tried it," said Hank. "Too

bad he ended up that like that."

"I'm glad we don't have the competition," Duffy said.

"Yeah. I guess so."

A siren began screaming outside.

"What the hell's that?" Hank said.

"I don't know," said Duffy. "Let's ask Jeanette. She knows this kinda stuff. Hey, Jeanette!"

Jeanette couldn't hear Duffy because she had on the headphones to her Walkman.

Hank got up from behind his desk, and he and Duffy walked into the reception area, where Jeanette was listening intently to her radio.

Right before Duffy put his hand on Jeanette's shoulder to get her attention, since she was facing away from the two men, Hank realized that something awful must have happened. Jeanette was wringing her hands, and the

fresh coat of nail polish was getting smeared all over.

Jeanette nearly jumped out of her skin when Duffy touched her on the shoulder.

"Oh Jesus, Duffy!" she said, as she trembled visibly. "You scared me half to death. I thought they'd pushed the button!"

"What are you talking about, Jeanette?" said Hank. "What do you mean they pushed the button?"

"The Iranians!" answered Jeanette.

"What is that siren all about?" said Duffy, his normally controlled voice mirroring the excitement of the moment.

"The Iranians have a neutron bomb somewhere in the city and they're threatening to blow it up if the government doesn't get Israel to give the West Bank to the Palestinians!"

"Iran doesn't have a neutron bomb," said Hank, as he looked at Duffy. "If they did, they'd have used it on Iraq."

"Yeah," said Duffy.

"Hank's right. They would have blown the fuck out of 'em."

Jeanette jumped up from her chair and scrambled into the hall, joining the mad rush of office workers who were running over one another to get out of the building.

Duffy picked up the Walkman that Jeanette had dropped on her way out of the chair.

"I'll find out what this is all about," he said, as he put on the headphones.

"You want a scotch?" asked Hank.

Duffy nodded in the at





firmative, and Hank stepped back into his office to make their drinks.

As he pulled the bottle of J&B out of the filing cabinet, Hank wondered if it could really be true. He got two glasses out of the portable bar set that his ex-wife had given him one Christmas and walked over to the window to look out while he poured the scotch.

The streets were jammed with cars, and people were running in every direction. Except for the preacher, who was still standing on the corner talking and making the usual sweeping motions with his hands.

"The government's advising everyone to leave the city in an orderly fashion," Duffy said from the other room. "Are things looking orderly out there?"

"Everybody's going apeshit," said Hank.

"What did they expect? Calm?"

"Hey, Duffy!"

"Yeah?"

"Bring a tray of ice in when you come, will ya?"

Hank watched the street scene get worse in the couple of minutes before Duffy returned with the ice.

"What do you make of this, boss?" asked Hank, as Duffy twisted the tray so he could get the ice out.

"It must be for real or they wouldn't be stirring up everybody like this," said Duffy, as he pointed at the street. "Look at the preacher. He doesn't seem too worried."

"Nope."

Duffy dropped a couple of cubes of ice into each glass. They both stirred their drinks with their index fingers.

"I guess we're not running," said Duffy.

"Hell, what's the point. You see that shit out there. We wouldn't be able to get out anyway. Half those poor suckers aren't gonna make it if the shit really does hit the fan."

They stood and watched the street in silence for a few minutes, each taking an occasional sip from his glass.

Hank finally broke the quiet.

"If we're really going to cash it in I wish I had a better bottle of scotch."

"Some Glenfiddich would've been nice."

"Let's not talk in the past tense yet, Duffy. I'm still hoping to live."

"Good scotch is always a plus. I'll stand by that. Even if we live through this I'll still say that some Glenfiddich would've been a nice thing to have for the occasion."

"Yeah."

Down in the street, the preacher was firing his cap pistol.

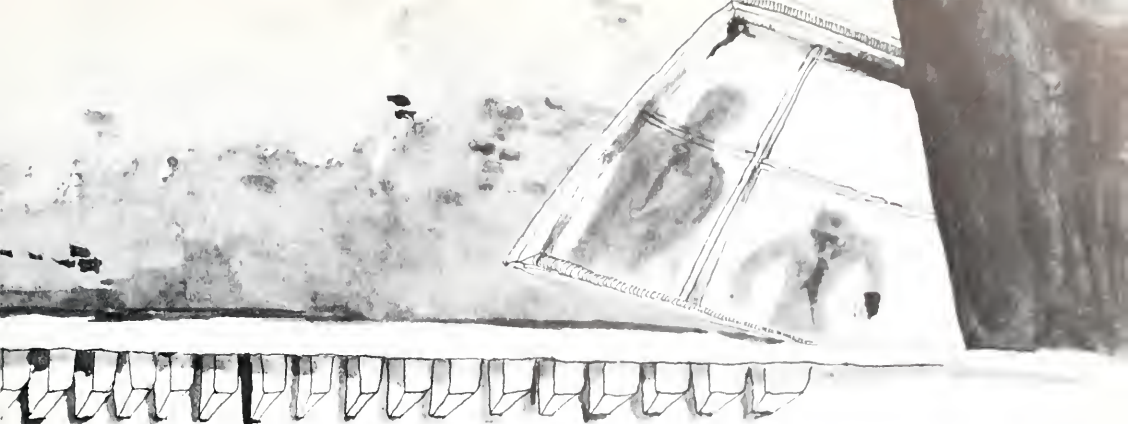
"He must be getting in a helluva 'I told you so.' He's blasting away," said Hank.

"Yeah. This is probably the highlight of his whole career. His one chance to really show that he's been right all these years."

"He's been doing his routine out there for a long time, hasn't he?"

"He was doing it when I started here," answered Duffy.

"That was what? Eight,



nine years ago?"

"Going on nine this October."

"Shit."

They saw a policeman on the sidewalk who had obviously given up any hope of directing the flow of human traffic. He was just walking around looking bewildered. A few swallows of scotch later he was gone, lost in the motion.

"I've got an idea," Hank said.

"Stop the presses."

"No, really. This is great. You'll love it."

"What is it?" asked Duffy.

"Everybody's out of the building, right?"

"We're not."

"Yeah, but everybody else."

"I guess so."

"Let's do one for the Wanger."

Hank walked out of his office, with Duffy following right behind. The building was silent except for the rhythmic noise their shoes made as they hit the linoleum floor tiles.

The two men climbed three flights of stairs and made their way to the of-

fice of Ed Langer, the Wanger.

Once inside the office, Hank performed a simple operation that brought him great satisfaction. He tore a sheet of paper off of his boss' note pad, found some scissors and cut a square just slightly bigger than the letters on the nameplate which sat on the large mahogany desk. He then took a black felt-tip marker out of the pen cup and wrote an upper-case W on the piece of paper.

"May I do the honors?" asked Duffy.

"By all means," replied Hank, as he passed a roll of scotch tape and the piece of paper to his friend.

The W fit perfectly over the L on the nameplate, which had read EDWARD LANGER.

After studying the fruit of their labor for a few moments, Duffy made a suggestion.

"How about another scotch?"

"Sounds good to me."

Back in Hank's office, the leftover ice in the tray

had melted on the window-sill.

"Was there another tray in the freezer?" Hank asked.

"I think so. I'll get it."

"No. I'll do it. You pour the scotch."

As he approached the refrigerator in the small breakroom, Hank noticed the 'diet-minder' calorie chart that Jeanette had stuck to the freezer door with the little magnets that were shaped like pieces of fruit. He had gotten used to seeing it there, and hadn't noticed it for a long time. There was another tray of ice, and he took it back to his office.

"They're still trying to get away," said Duffy, as he held the glasses up so Hank could drop the ice cubes in.

The sirens had stopped while they were in Wanger's office.

"Let's see what we can get on the radio," said Hank.

"Good idea."

Duffy had left the Walkman on Jeanette's desk. Hank put on the headphones and turned the radio on. Duffy shuffled

through Jeanette's gym bag, which she had left behind when she ran out the door. All she took was her purse.

"Check this out," said Duffy.

"What?" said Hank, taking off the headphones. "Look at this."

Duffy held up a tube labeled "Swedish Love Oil."

"How about that," said Hank. "And all this time I thought she was just going to her diet meetings after work."

"What's the news?"

"Huh?"

"The radio?"

"Oh yeah. The guy says that the government is taking the threat seriously."

"Obviously."

"They're still telling everybody to get out to the country in an orderly fashion."

They walked back into Hank's office and looked out the window. The cars were still gridlocked, and the people were still running around. Some people were looting the shops, carrying away all they could hold.

The preacher had paused to reload his cap guns.

"That guy won't stop, will he," said Duffy.

"Let's go down there and talk to him."

"And get into the middle of that crazy scene? No way."

"Come on. It'll be fun. Let's see what he's got to say," said Hank.

"All right. But if I get run over or something, I hope it weighs heavy on your conscience."

People were running along the sidewalk, but the crush was nothing like what it had been when the word first got out and the sirens were echoing through the steel and concrete canyons of the city. The two men made it to the preacher's corner without much

**... the preacher
turned his back
to them and
resumed his
stream-of-
consciousness
sermon.**



problem.

"... paying now for the iniquity with which you have enslaved your fellow man!" said the preacher.

A young black man, probably a teenager, who was carrying a TV set, ran by the preacher.

"And you, boy!" screamed the preacher.

pointing at the TV man. "You bring shame upon your soul!"

"Nah, man!" said the looter. "I ain't bringin' no shame home with me; just a TV."

"Why don't you forget it," Hank said to the preacher, who, startled to hear a voice addressing him, turned toward Hank. "They're not listening to you. Everything's gone crazy. For all they know they could die this very minute. All of us could."

The preacher stared at Hank.

"He's right, you know," added Duffy, and the preacher looked at him.

After standing silent for a moment, looking first at one of the men and then the other, the preacher turned his back to them and resumed his stream-of-consciousness sermon.

Hank looked at Duffy, shrugged, and took a swallow of his scotch.

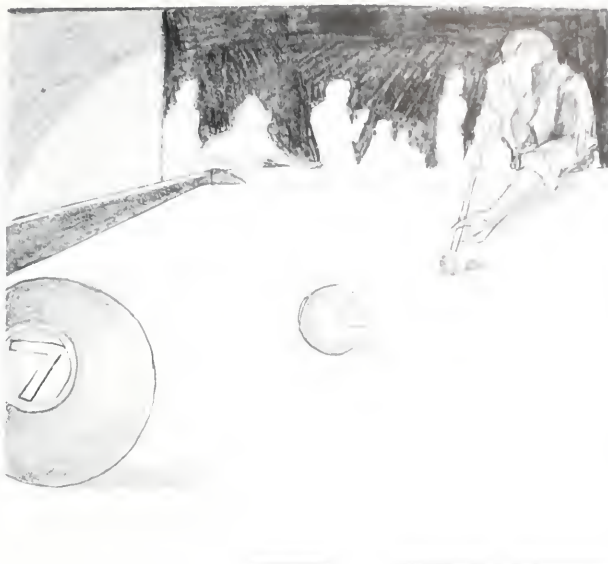
"Did we leave that last tray of ice out, too?" asked Duffy.

"Maybe we can find some more in another office. I could use another drink."

Hank and Duffy crossed the street to their building to look for more ice. As they opened the door to the lobby, Hank heard the sound of the preacher's cap pistols firing amid the engine noise of the gridlocked cars.



**illustrations by:
Andrew Olson**



(by Marga Webb)

Katie likes to feel the shiny moisture at the nape of her neck with her hand and she lifts it to her nose to smell of herself. The sweat is good and wet enough to rub all over her hands into the skin on her neck to her head to the ends of her spiky black hair. No one is watching her now on the high bar stool by the wall. She comes here most nights, with the rest of the girls and Tippy, and watches the bands, mostly the Hippos. She likes it this way, being able to keep an eye on the Colonel, the lead singer for the Hippos. She no longer knows how the Colonel feels about her, but she tries to keep anyone else from getting a shot at him.

The Colonel almost killed her with a theatre curtain. That was how they met. She was in this play and he was working the up and down of the huge velvet curtain because he was so big. She missed her mark one night and he sent the whole damned thing crashing down toward her full of chains and lead in the base, saving it from her head by a couple of feet before the awful accident would have closed the whole show. His eyes were huge on her for the next couple of days. "I almost killed her," he kept saying. He seemed like the type that would say instead, "Damn, I didn't kill the bitch." She was thrown when he turned out to be so soft but she loved him early on.

Tippy comes over with

two twenty-four ounce draft specials. He hands her the beer, smiles his usual half smirk, and goes to put quarters down on the table. She and Tippy are good pool partners, he never gets mad when she flubs a shot, and manages not to get into fights with the usual assholes that play pool. Tippy loves the Colonel too, Katie is sure, but she thinks he just doesn't know what to do about it. Katie and Tippy are alike in this. So they hang out together in their miserable obsession, never talking about it directly, silently sharing it with the other, all the while never trusting the other completely. No one is sure of Tippy's sexual preference, but after a while they all stopped

cepted him.

Tippy has this influence over Katie that she finds exciting as well as frightening. He was there when she dyed her hair black, and she wonders if he was the reason. She had gone to have it done blonde, nothing too extreme, but he had come, talking and teasing until she ended up getting it shaved and colored black, like shoe polish. He should make her do things.

Katie drinks her beer fast, trying to get the electric surges in her belly to die down, and thinks about the Colonel. Tonight might just be the time when she is finally able to make a

ing inside her like a weight. He had slept the whole night, yanking his hand from hers when he turned, with her aching there beside him. Everyone assumed they had gotten together, most people treated them like a couple, but nothing had ever happened except long talks and this odd sort of friendship.

Tippy hands her a cue and Katie lifts it from the ground to feel how heavy it is.

"It's a twenty-one," Tippy says.

"Good," she says.

"You look really cool," Tippy tells her looking over her leggings, her

with her elbow and he winks in the businessman's direction. "Let's not fight over him, Katie," he says.

Katie gulps down fast swallows of her beer. The electricity in her stomach grows, and she notices her crotch is beginning to tingle. "When are they coming?" she asks Tippy whose eyes stay on the current pool game. He watches the businessman who is running the table.

"Shelly and Renee are riding in from Bowling Green. They'll be a while, I think. And Laurie's working until nine. I haven't heard from Kris or Michelle."

"No, I mean the band."

"I don't know. Didn't you talk to the Colonel? Winger's hanging out in the parking lot, probably waiting to unload or something."

Katie doesn't answer. Her beer is going down fast and she wants to dance so bad. She wants to play pool, she wants to see the Colonel, she wants to go on talking to Tippy. She feels like she wants to be somewhere else. Last night she hadn't been able to sleep. She had laid her pillow in front of her and pretended it was the Colonel. She let her arm glide over the cotton case, like she was stroking his back. She even made up this conversation they had, pretending it was after they had sex. The Colonel told her how much it meant to him to be her first and how that meant things were to last between them.

Katie is getting a second

Katie racks the balls and stands purposefully in the businessman's view, trying to distract his eyes, but he gets three in on the break before he looks at her and smiles.

move on him. She has been thinking about it all summer, ever since the Colonel fell asleep right beside her at some girl's apartment. They were holding hands and talking when he just fell asleep. She had lain there so long, just trying to make a move, trying to force herself to kiss him, touch him so he would wake up. She sent messages to him strong in her brain that she wanted him to touch her, to teach her, her inexperience pull-

black ballerina tutu, her black t-shirt. "You picked that out without me?"

"We're two back," he says indicating which table he means. Four guys are playing. Three of them are like the usuals, in jeans and t-shirts, cowboy boots. The fourth is a really straight businessman. He isn't actually in a suit or anything, but Katie can tell he has just changed from a tie to a preppie shirt and a pair of khaki pants. Katie nudges Tippy in the side

round of the huge beers for her and Tippy when Shelly and Renee walk in. Renee waves at Katie and winks at someone else at the same time, slipping into the crowd. Shelly's baby fat has been stuffed down into her jeans and she walks over to Katie in an uncomfortable sort of shuffle.

"Make it two more, why don't you?" Shelly says and is gone before Katie can tell her to fuck off. If Katie thinks about it when she is sober, she can remember the history of sleeping arrangements between all the girls and the various members of the band. Herself only ever available to the Colonel, she is free to observe who leaves together when The Hippos pack up their equipment. It is never consistent for more than a week of two, so Katie just concentrates on keeping up with it from night to night. Lately Shelly has been leaving with Winger.

When Tippy and Katie are up in pool, the businessman has paired up with some biker-looking guy wearing a shirt that spells out "EATME" backward. It took Katie a few minutes to figure out what it says and she is glad she didn't ask him for an explanation.

The businessman makes the game respectable with introductions and awkward handshakes before they begin. Katie racks the balls and stands purposefully in the businessman's view, trying to distract his eyes, but he gets three in on the break before he looks at her and smiles. The biker eyes Tippy, and Katie wor-

ries that some fag jokes might be coming on, but the game is over by the time she comes back with more beers, herself having had only one turn.

Tippy takes his beer and leans close to her face to whisper something to her. "Businessman likes you."

The band is setting up, and Katie stops midway to watch the Colonel who is unwrapping a cord and tapping it down to the stage floor. Everything about him is so huge, his eyes, his jaw, his hair that grows out like an afro instead of down, his hands, his feet. He never takes advantage of his size, he is soft, and Katie wants to hold him. He wanted to teach kids right out of school, and Ka-

he says.

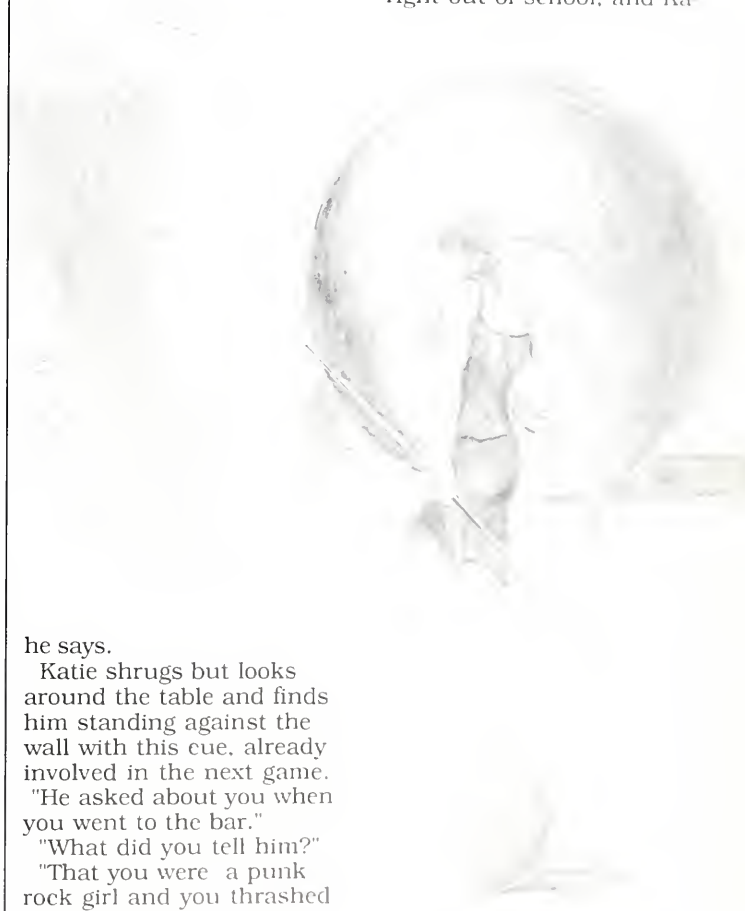
Katie shrugs but looks around the table and finds him standing against the wall with this cue, already involved in the next game.

"He asked about you when you went to the bar."

"What did you tell him?"

"That you were a punk rock girl and you thrashed around in bed."

Katie pinches Tippy's arm and leaves him to wander toward the stage.



tie envisions him, not as he is now, but in front of a classroom, his students captivated, staring with their eager little eyes. But the Colonel says he won't teach because he knows they are going to make him cut his hair first and that is something he won't do.

Katie makes her way over to the stage and flops down on the ledge where the microphones sit at half height. She leans backwards so that she sees the Colonel upside down and laughs at his grotesque face.

The Colonel pats her cheek. "You guys winning back there?"

"Some," she says and she turns her body around so she faces him. "You guys are really late."

"Yeah. Winger was waiting on some stuff 'cause we all wanted to get stoned. You want to plug in this amp?"

Katie takes the cord from him and follows it to the plug.

"Where are you going after?" she asks, then regrets, knowing she sounds too eager, young.

"Hmmm," the Colonel takes his time answering. "I don't know. There is this girl who might be coming. I don't know."

"What do you mean?" Katie stands in between the two mikes, moving one up and down with her hand, while the Colonel busies himself plucking at his guitar strings.

"I might not bring her around. She isn't like the rest of you guys, you know. I don't know if she knows

how to handle herself."

"So," she says. He sounds so soft, so hollow to her she thinks she could punch him and watch her fist go right through.

"I don't know if she is very experienced. You know what I mean, Katie?"

"So she's coming here tonight. What does that have to do with anything?"

Katie says then bites down on her lip, concentrating on how it feels to make the soft skin inside her mouth bleed.

"So. Nothing. Just maybe you could watch out for her or something." The burning starts again in Katie's stomach and she wants to throw up.

"It's wierd, Katie. I spend all my time trying to convince her that I don't want to kiss her. I keep telling her that I only want to talk to her."

Katie hears herself saying, "If you like her so much, why don't you want to kiss her?" When she really wants to say, "If you like me so much, why don't you want to kiss me?" But she doesn't ask, she can't. She realizes she is drunk in this trashed bar in Toledo, and she just might be invisible.

Though she isn't sure, Katie thinks she floats to the bathroom in the dirty air, all empty like a whip-pit or a helium balloon, bursting to the ground just in the time to throw up before the band even starts the first set. On her way to the bar to get another beer, Katie hears Winger telling the Colonel

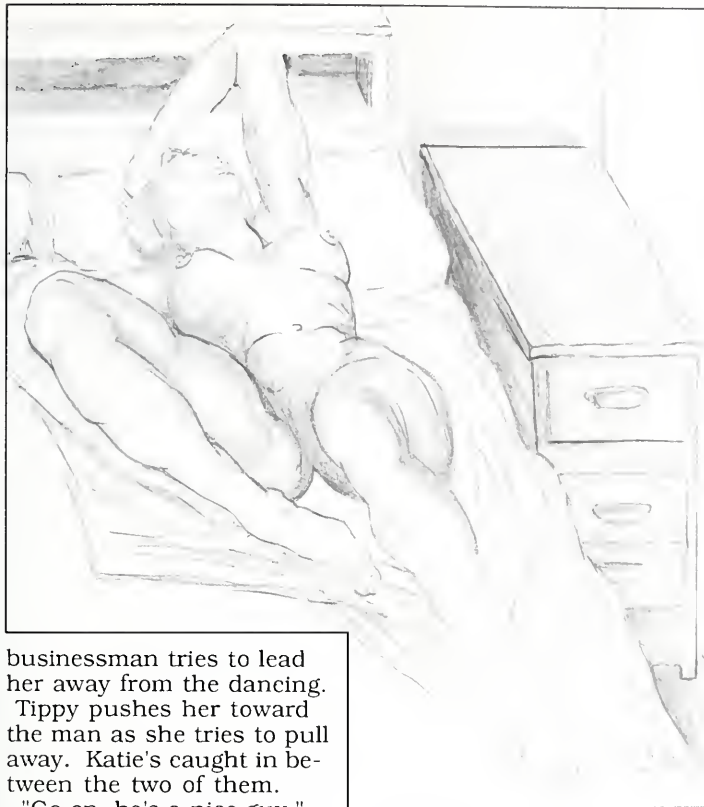
that he saw her puking in the bathroom. Katie keeps walking, but she thinks of the view that Winger got of her, a little lump next to the trash and human waste and she hates Winger with all her might until she gets to the bar.

The music is fast and hard and Katie dances. She loves the music, the drums beating against her sternum, and she loves being drunk, the way it lets her dance. She thinks it is as if the rhythm is always down there, the beer just lets it escape. Tonight she thrashes and slams, mostly beside Tippy, but the girls and her all mix around, hitting against each other.

By the second set Katie hardly notices the prissy girl the Colonel was talking about. Katie is able to ignore her even though she is sitting just off the side of the dance floor and staring stupidly at the Colonel. Katie looks down at all the people in front of the stage, and feels like she loves them all, like they all might be her best friends, her family. But sober, she knows she can hardly trust any of them, not a one of them alone with the Colonel.

The slamming gets wild and Katie realizes she is bumping into the businessman from the pool game. He has unbuttoned his shirt and his eyes are on her. Katie slams into him hard. Tippy knocks into them both and raises his eyebrows at Katie suggestively. "You like him?" he shouts over the music. Katie kicks him.

After two more songs the



businessman tries to lead her away from the dancing.

Tippy pushes her toward the man as she tries to pull away. Katie's caught in between the two of them.

"Go on, he's a nice guy,"

Tippy whispers in her ear.

"Oh, hell," Katie shouts at Tippy then lets the businessman lead her over to a table.

"It was Katie," she shouts over the music.

"Your hair is cute," he says.

"No it isn't," she tells him and turns back toward the bank. She can feel him still looking at her. The Colonel, who usually doesn't look out into the crowd, looks out searchingly. Katie sits up and smiles but his eyes head in the girl's direction.

She turns back to the man at her table. "Get me a beer," she says and he

does. While he is gone, the band finishes and she lays her feet across his seat to save it, realizing the Colonel may notice this. Tippy seems to be the only one watching, grinning at Katie from across the room. She motions for him to come over.

"Have him get me a beer too," Tippy says, then wanders over to help the band load up.

When the man asks her to leave with him, she is leaning in toward him, and the Colonel is watching, wrapping an electrical cord around his arm, his

eyes shifting back and forth between her and the businessman. She doesn't back down. Inside she shouts little messages to the Colonel to come and save her, to come and tell her he didn't mean any of that about the other girl.

Dizzy drunkenness carries her to his car. She can't watch the road without feeling sick, so she watches him instead. She eyes him from the passenger seat, and thinks he isn't so bad. He could loosen up a bit, grow his hair out. He glances over at her occasionally, politely smiling, shows her his tapes and lets her choose. They go to a hotel and she doesn't even hesitate, she thinks now she only wants to sleep. He explains in the elevator that he is in Toledo on business, he already has a room.

She is sitting on the toilet when she feels the nausea spreading over her again. She leans over and vomits in his tub and then feels better. It takes her a few minutes to clean up by running the water from the shower and sloshing it around. She uses his toothbrush on her teeth and avoids looking at herself in the harsh bathroom lighting. Then she realizes. She is not about to sleep, but about to sleep WITH someone. She eyes his dope kit, his carefully organized traveling toiletries. He is a businessman. "Shit," she says aloud. She brushes the top of her head making the spikes stand up and slaps her white, white cheeks.

He is sprawled on the bed watching TV when she comes out. He doesn't look up. He has a soured look on his face, and she knows he has heard her throwing up. She sits on the edge of the bed, the farthest away from him she can possibly get and pretends to be interested in the program. Then the tears come. She cries without much noise, making no move to wipe the tears away as they fall over her mouth and down her chin.

"Why don't you get some sleep or something?" he says.

"All right," she says and curls up at the bottom of the bed with her black leather shoes on. She glances up and sees him still staring at the screen.

"I ought to drive you back is what I ought to do."

"Yes," she says and falls asleep in the corner of the bed.

She wakes up later with her shoes off, wrapped oddly in the bedspread. He has changed into his pajamas and is stroking her face.

"Feeling better?" he asks about her hair.

She tightens against him but does not pull away. She doesn't hate the way his hands feel on her. "I guess," she says and he kisses her.

Katie likes kissing so she shows him this, playing with his mouth from all angles. He begins moaning so she pulls away. His eyes burn angrily into hers and moves down to her lips. He moves toward her again. Pretty soon he rolls

on top of her and pulls at her tutu. She looks into his face to see how he feels. His boyish smile and embarrassed laugh before he starts in again make her feel okay so she lets go. All the anger she feels toward the Colonel for not liking her, and the anger toward the prissy girl that he does like, and the anger toward Winger for seeing her throw up is burning down inside her along with some leftover beer. It all comes from her stomach and goes out of her like steam seeping out of a kettle until she is limp. She feels like she is giving everything away to the businessman on top of her like a gift. "Happy fucking birthday, little businessman," she says to herself.

Afterwards they lie side by side holding hands. Her skin is tingling in all the places he has touched her. Her skin feels as if each cell is moving around all by itself.

"Did we do it, really?" she asks. She couldn't really tell when it was over and she doesn't know what to say.

"Almost," he says.

"I could go to a doctor. My mom says girls should go to a doctor before they get married. I suppose this is what she meant."

"I don't think you should go."

"Why not?" she asks looking at his profile. He is on his back staring at the ceiling, his hand running along his belly, rubbing as if he has just eaten a big meal.

"God, we shouldn't have done that," he says.

"Why not?" she says, her voice sounding high and strained to her.

"Two reasons," he says. "First, cause of what could happen. You know. You don't want to have to deal with that at your age."

"Yeah," she says.

"And cause after you do it, what's left? You know?" he says.

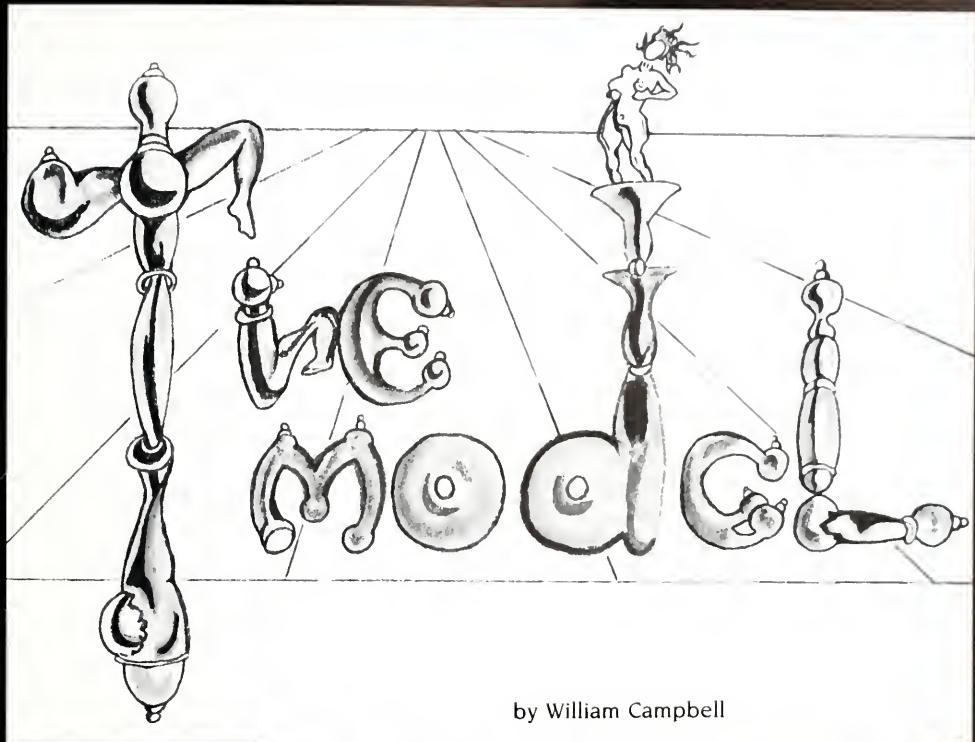
Her first time and she feels really strange, sort of good, as if she has discovered something all by herself. She wants to try again, she wants to ask him to take a shower with her, she wants to look at his body completely nude. She can't believe he is there beside her saying, "What's left?" What isn't left?

He sighs, letting his breath out slowly into the air and says, "I didn't realize you were so young." And in a while he sleeps. She lets go of his hand.

Later she sits back against the headboard, pulling the hotel blanket under her naked breasts and watches T.V. There is a movie on T.V. that she has seen before in a theatre. She keeps thinking how odd it is to be watching this same movie in a hotel room with a boy, a man, asleep beside her. The light passing over the screen flickers from across the room, and she catches a sight of him as a dull lump under the covers, like a dirty laundry or bunched up sheets, almost nothing at all.



Illustrations by:
Fred Andrews



by William Campbell

It was a perfect afternoon. The sun's light glittered on the rippling surface of the ocean. The artist's house, pink with white shutters, stood alone at the end of a spur of gleaming white sand, a monument to order, structure, and intelligence cast against the more supple lines and shapes of the shoreline.

A deck was built on to the second floor at the back of the house, which faced the ocean. On the deck, far from prying eyes, the artist's model reclined on a divan and let the afternoon breeze wash over her. It tugged at the flimsy, diaphanous gown she wore, a silken toga

tied loosely at the waist and already falling away from her hip as she lay on her side. She listened to the waves lapping gently at the sand several hundred feet away. She tasted the salt in the air on her lips. She could smell the artist's paints, the oils, and the turpentine he used when he cleaned his brushes. She watched puffy white clouds float between her and the enormous blue sky. She reached for the glass of wine on the small table next to her. The wine sparkled with a thousand suns as she picked it up and took a sip. It was refreshing and cool, in remarkable contrast to the simmering heat around her.

The model imagined that she was

alone on the earth. That all the other people had gone away. That if she got into the convertible and drove inland she would find gleaming empty cities, empty roads, windswept fields and plains. Perhaps she would only find more ocean. She imagined she was on a little planet floating in space where she had been brought to be mistress to a wealthy and mysterious man. He would visit her occasionally, and bring her delicacies and surprises and beautiful garments.

What did it matter what she wore? Who was there to see? Who was there to care? And what if one day her lover left her on the planet and never returned? Who was there to know? Who was there to care?

She sipped at the wine and then lay on her back. The breeze picked up and brushed the filmy material of the gown away from her belly and her legs. She felt absolutely alone and perfectly content and did not care if anyone ever came back for her again or not. She did not think of the cat back in her apartment. She did not think of the effect the wine and marijuana the artist had given her before he left might be having on her. She thought only of the sensations of the moment.

The breeze stopped and the world became still. The sounds of the waves falling upon the shore were crisp and clean. The cry of a gull, though deceptive as to distance and direction, hung like crystal in the air. The sun beat down on her. Its warmth seemed to penetrate her pores. She thought of sex, and of the young man with olive skin, oval eyes, and oiled black hair that she had met the night before, and of the sweet juice of strawberries and of salty kisses down by the water.

She ran her finger tips along the fine downy hair on her thighs, giving herself chills, and she was tempted by her own touch to satisfy herself. She resisted the temptation and instead opened her legs to better feel the sun's warmth between them. Then she fell asleep, and the glass slipped from her hand to the floor and spilled, wine dripping between the slats of the deck to the sand below.

That is how the artist found her when he returned. He went for his pads and began to sketch her. In pencil. In charcoal.

In pastels. From either side of the divan. From either end. Standing above her and sitting very close. He worked quickly, intent on the shapes and shadows, memorizing color and texture for the later work in oil.

The model was above average in height, and full-bodied. No straight lines. Even her lips were full. And in clothes or out of them, bundled up in a heavy winter overcoat, or squatting naked on the sand at dawn, she conveyed an earthy sensuality. She did it with her eyes, smouldering brown orbs that seemed to look right into hearts and souls, that acknowledged de-



sire. Her eyes were like herself, open and giving, and incapable of condemnation and guile.

In life she did what she wanted to do.

In art she would become what the artist wanted her to be, because she found it pleasurable. He took her to exciting places and created magical roles for her to play. He made love to her with great passion, and never laid a claim on her as other men, and women, tried to do. The

artist adored her and his desire for her inspired him. The more he wanted her, and the longer he waited, until his want became need, the better his work with her would be. His eyes caressed what his hands longed to touch. Each brush stroke was an act of worship. And his desire would become a kind of love, the only kind of love that she would allow between them. His talent was its outlet. And though they made love many times, the true measure of their relationship



was on his canvasses.

And now that the work was done he continued to hold himself back from touching her. It was sweet agony to sit and simply look at her. At the ringlets of black hair that made her look like a gypsy.

At the black pubic hair that normally stood out starkly against her white skin, skin that had begun to turn brown after a week of bathing naked under the sun, streaked with rivulets of perspiration

coursing through the lotion that gave her some protection. Their work was sexual because it could be. Anytime, anywhere, anything. Now he was as hungry for her as he had ever been. His mouth moved to her mouth, his hand to her oiled belly, then down between her thighs.

A mile away on a bluff over-looking the beach, Elizabeth sat among the long stalks of beach grass, eyes closed, face turned up to the sun. The breeze off the water rustled and whistled through the reeds.

She wore a long close-fitting brown dress, sleeveless, with a low waist-line. It was a summer dress, but its dark color made it seem too heavy for this time and this place. She was sweating more than anyone would ever expect a woman of such delicate features to sweat. And, in truth, it was unusual for her to be in such a disheveled state. She was not oblivious to it but rather seemed to be immersing herself in it. She pushed the thick, damp, brown hair off her forehead with one slender, finely sculpted hand, and with the other raised a pair of binoculars to her eyes and trained them on the artist's house where she could see, as she had for several days, much that was going on.

She had never been exposed to anything quite like what was unfolding before her. But she had imagined it. There was a time when she believed love could and would be like this. And the discovery that she might possibly be right transformed her. Her interest was neither whimsical nor intellectual. It was physical, and overwhelmingly so. And as the artist rose and stripped off his paint-spattered trousers she marvelled at him, not because he was so large, but because she had never seen a man so free before, so exposed.

She desired the artist the way a captive wild animal desires freedom: fiercely and forever. Confusion, doubt, and guilt over the sudden appearance of feelings she never knew she had were subjugated to the moment and whirled at the back of her consciousness, feeding her passion.

She drew her dress up and pulled and kicked her underwear off. Hidden among the grasses she was completely safe from observation. And so she joined

the artist and the model from the perimeter of what seemed to the young woman the most marvelous and magical of worlds.

And, when the two lovers on the deck had finished, the young woman lay down in the sand and brought herself to an explosive orgasm that convulsed her body and shattered her consciousness, cascading through her for what seemed like minutes. The power of it left her breathless. She lay there for a while, watching the long, waving stalks of grass and the pure white clouds floating in that vast blue sky, gathering the pieces of herself back together.

She sat up and looked towards the artist's house. The deck was empty. She picked up the binoculars as she rose and started back to her house. It was time to make dinner for her husband.

Elizabeth stood on the threshold of her kitchen, caught between the still-bright world of late afternoon at the shore and the contrasting darkness of the room before her. As her eyes adjusted, details floated up out of the gloom. Grains of sand were scattered on the floor, crumbs dotted the counter. The breakfast dishes sat unwashed in the sink. The lunch dishes were still on the table. Next to them lay a magazine, open, face down. Long duct-like beams filtered into the room through the window over the sink, three dimensional parallelograms filled with dust-motes swirling in a lazy, aimless dance. She looked across the kitchen through the doorway into the deep shadows of the living room, and shuddered. Her home, once a comfortable haven, now seemed like a tomb, and if she stayed she felt she would never get out. Clutching the binoculars, Elizabeth stepped into the kitchen, scratched a note to her husband, and picked up her purse and left.

She noticed her hands were shaking as she forced the key into the ignition of the compact. She pulled out of the driveway and turned right, away from the direction that her husband would come. She travelled a mile and passed the artist's house. It showed no sign of life, no hint of collusion. And it occurred to Elizabeth that whatever it was that she was doing, she was completely alone in it. The heat in the car was making her sweat, and

she felt sticky and gritty. She wished for a shower, and in wishing remembered that she had left her panties on the beach and at once she felt both vulnerable and dangerous. She began to take great pleasure in her solitude. She turned on the radio and searched for music to fit her mood.

A few minutes later, several miles back, Elizabeth's husband stood looking out through the screen door at the waving grasses of the bluff, now in the shadow of the house, and the white-capped deep blue waters of the ocean beyond, still in the sunlight. He wondered how his wife could leave the kitchen in such a mess. She had not even locked the back door. He looked again at the scribbled note in his hand. 'Alan, Had to go. Be back soon.' No name. No 'Love, Elizabeth.' He crumpled the paper and dropped it on the floor. Nothing in his life in this cloistered community had prepared him for Elizabeth, the girl from the city, the ballerina who wouldn't dance. His friends had said it wouldn't work but it had, until her mother died. He left the house as he had found it, the kitchen disorderly, the back door open, the ocean visible through the screen door. He went to look for his friends, thinking to himself that maybe they had been right all along.

Elizabeth pulled into the alley behind the two-story brick building that housed her mother's dancing school. She unlocked the back door and climbed the stairs to the short hallway that led to the second floor rehearsal studio. On the right side of the hall was the door to her mother's office. Elizabeth poked her head out into the studio. It was empty, silent, but her memories of this and scores of other such halls were haunted by sounds. A plinking piano repeating an exercise over and over, music from scratchy records, and the sound of little girls' feet brushing and stepping on worn wooden floors. She let herself in to the office. When she came out again she was naked and she was carrying a towel and an un-opened bottle of thirteen-year-old scotch, one of the last purchases her mother had made before going into the hospital to die. Elizabeth, on her way to take a shower in the small corner locker room, stopped and looked at herself in the wall to wall, ceiling to

floor exercise mirror. She put down the towel and the bottle and moved closer to her reflection, smoothing her hands over her body. It was still a dancer's body: knobby feet, long legs developed and defined, narrow waist, flat stomach, the shape of pectoral muscles beneath her small breasts, muscles in her back and shoulders. She looked at her dark brown nipples, her thick thatch of pubic hair, her eyes, her nose, her mouth. She believed she compared favorably with the artist's friend and she smiled, pleased with herself. She began to perform the basic positions. One. Two. Three. Four

She took a few steps and danced into

the light of the late afternoon sun as it streamed in through the big picture window. Warmth wrapped around her like a blanket. She stopped and studied herself intently. She felt as if her eyes were open and clear, that she was really seeing herself for the first time, and for the first time in ten years she wished she had not given up dancing, and for the hundred thousandth time she wished her mother had not forced her to have the abortion. She picked up her towel and the scotch and continued on to the shower, wondering what she was going to do afterwards.

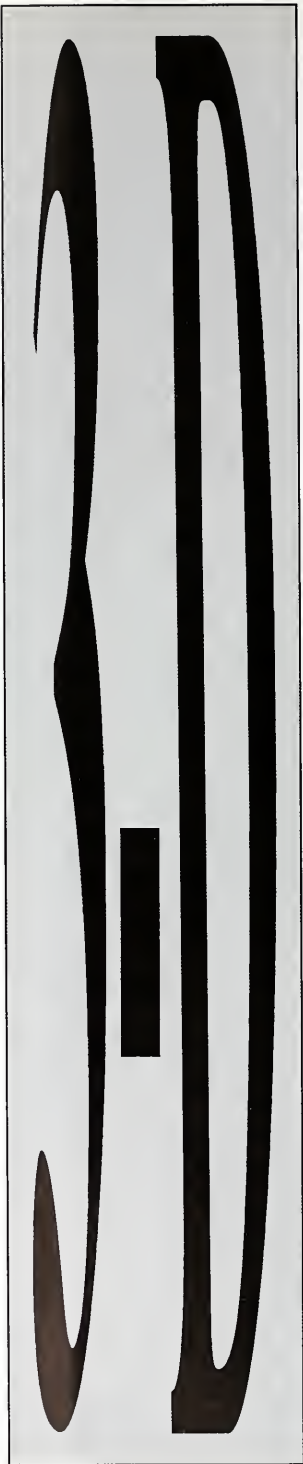


Illustrations by: Kevin Fitzgerald





"Big Boy" approx. height 5' 6"



"Silo Silo" approx. height 5' 6"

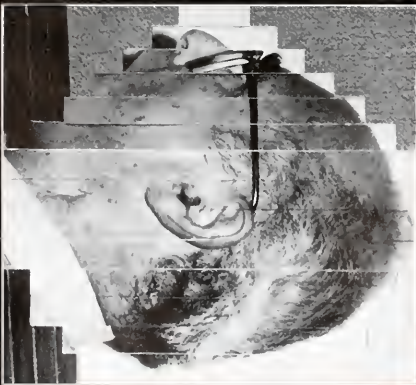
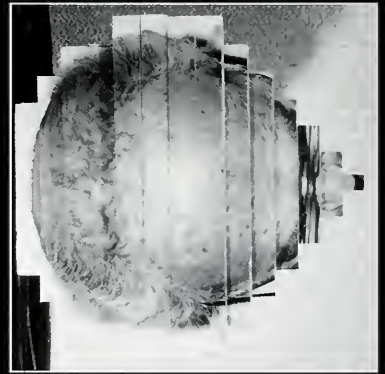
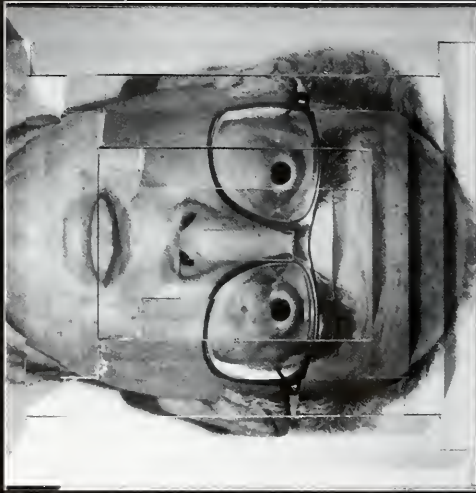
Charlie Nestor 1989 Mixed Media



"Bulls Eye" approx. height 5' 6"



"Treehouse" approx. height 5' 6"



"Dad!" Matthew Curtis 1969 Mixed Media 1'x1'x1'



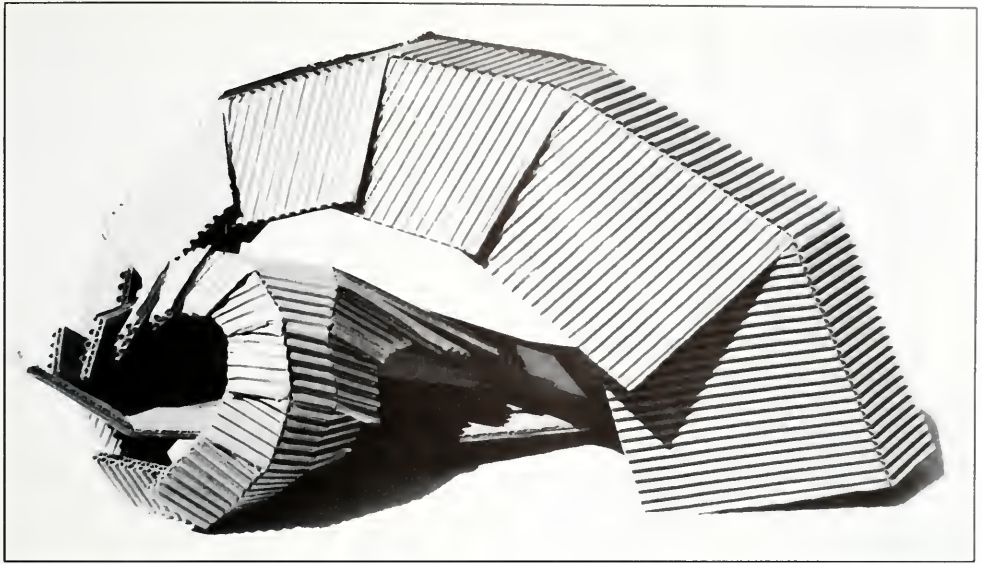
Salt Glazed Porcelain approx. height 23"

Deborah Kaplan
1989
Pottery



Salt Glazed Porcelain approx. height 35", 22" and 20"





"Chrysalis" Rebecca Weichinger 1989 Cardboard 2"x1"x1"



Untitled Charlie Nester 1989 Marble approx. height 1 ft

Making Dances:

from interviews with three choreographers

John Gamble had been a pre-med student at Cornell University when an interest in theatre and stage design brought him in contact with modern dance. Finding in dance his true vocation, he began to study it and was soon dancing in professional companies. Since 1965 he has worked with the companies of Anna Halprin, Steve Paxton and Norman Walker as well as with the Washington Dance Repertory Co. Switching to the academic setting in 1975, he became the head of Temple University's Dance Department and has been the head of our own UNCG Dance Department since 1985.

CORADDI: There seems to be a lot of different approaches to teaching and learning dance. I was wondering if you had a particular one.

JG: There are differences in style, I don't mean teaching style, but rather the aesthetics of the choreographer or artist in-

volved. Let me just say that there are different styles of dance. I am a modern dancer. That's one general category, and distinct from ballet or musical theatre dance, or jazz or tap dance or ethnic dance or folk dance or ...there are a lot of labels like that. Modern dance is an American-dance form started in the thirties. It has a really wide ranging aesthetic. It started in rebellion against ballet, in a sense.

CORADDI: Why the rebellion? Just because it had been such an institution for so long?

JG: The feeling of the founders of modern dance was that ballet was not a form that could express their particular view of the world. Ballet was something that came out of the 1700s in France and had its roots in the nobility and court dance. It presented very romantic notions of what the world might be like. To express the sort of ideas that people like

Walk around couple
1. 2 - 3 x 4 x around
1. 2 3 x 4 x forward
back



1st couple phrase

*women duet with
fall - James phrase
(16 counts)*

*run left 1 x 4
hold 3 4
return - turn 5
fall right 7
up 8*

Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey were interested in, which had much more dramatic themes, the movement language of ballet was appropriate. They became interested in movement qualities which are, in a sense, in opposition to ballet. Grounded movement, having a relationship to gravity and the earth. Breath, and the relationship of movement to breath. Ballet is very upright, very light, very formal. That was the issue of rebellion.

Ballet is a tradition in the sense that there is a vocabulary of movement that has been handed down over the centuries that hasn't changed significantly. There are ballets that are passed down that were done initially in the eighteenth-hundreds but are still done today. Whereas modern dance is more about the individual artist's vision. John Martin was a critic in the thirties that defined modern dance as "a point of view". Each artist working in modern dance has their own distinct point of view. For that reason, when you talk about modern dance it is as various as the people who make dances.

As to the educational philosophy, I think some people teach a particular body of knowledge. Some choreographers make up movement that primarily comes out of their own bodies or a system that they have studied for a long time. They try to hone the dancers to be able to replicate that. Ballet does that, but so do

many schools in modern dance.

CORADDI: Is there a consistent range of moods in your work or is it varied between the dances?

JG: My dances tend to be centered around a serious theme. The dances I have been making lately are fairly emotional and sometimes I think a bit romantic. That's different, that's emerged in the last four



or five years. My dances used to be more esoteric. One of the things I have been trying to do in the past few years is to make dances more accessible.

One of the accusations that I think is quite valid about modern dance is it tends to be a form that a lot of people don't know how to look at, or how to get a handle on what they are supposed to see. The typical comment is that, "I don't know what that means." People get very uptight because they don't know what the dance means. Most theatre tends to be fairly straightforward. It has a plot, you

know who the characters are and what the conflict is, you can see it unfold before you and you know how it is resolved. Only when you get into more experimental playwrights do you run into situations that you can't quite figure out, like Samuel Beckett. Dance is more like Beckett. You don't know quite what is going on, as an uninitiated audience. Audiences seem to have a hard time figuring out that they don't have to

worry about that. It's more like music. You just listen to it, to the sound relationships. Most dance is built upon movement relationships.

The other inaccessible part of dance, I think, is the music. In modern dance, particularly, a lot of modern music is used. It is music that most people have not heard. It might be discordant, it might be repetitive. It is operating on different musical ideas than most people are used to. Some people just don't like it.

CORADDI: How much of the music that you work

with is original?

JG: These days, not that much. When I was in Philadelphia I worked with composers quite a bit. Here I have not. Only on one piece did I, in part, work with a composer. Maybe again that's part of my interest in trying to find more accessible music. Also there's a lot of music out there that I really like.

CORADDI: Have you ever run into a situation where you and the composer get in each other's way? That you're not getting out of the music and the dance what either of you had envisioned?

JG: If you have a composer that has worked with dance and you have some skill at being clear about what you want in terms of the rhythmic sense and the phrasing it's fairly easy to work structurally. What's more difficult is coming to a stylistic meeting. Just like each choreographer tends to work in a particular style, meaning there is an ambience to their work, the same is true of composers. If those two things work to-

gether then that's fine. If they don't the collaboration doesn't quite work. Even if everything is happening at the right time and the right place, the overall ambience of the score doesn't quite fit what is best for your work. So it's finding a composer that's compatible with what you are doing.

CORADDI: Does the process always begin with the music or do you ever approach a composer with a vocabulary of movement?

JG: When I work with a composer it usually doesn't begin with the music. It begins with the dance and then the music gets invented as it goes along. Sometimes after it's mostly finished, sometimes starting very early in the process. It can work both ways with a composer.

For the dance that I'm working I'm starting without music. I'm also not sure that I want much music. This dance may end up being in silence or with text or incidental sound, as opposed to music. I think the main reason I like to work, when I do, with a composer, or to start not knowing what the

music will be, is that it lets you focus on the natural structure that comes out of the movement.

CORADDI: I'm curious about the composition process in

dance. I work as a writer, and all the composition is done on paper. I was wondering how much of your's is.

JG: I do take notes and I think a lot about what I want to do. I try different scenarios out or different ways of solving a particular compositional problem. I'm not a person that tends to do a rehearsal with everything prescribed on paper. I actually like to come to rehearsal, sometimes, almost unprepared. If I've already got some material out and I want to work on fixing something that I didn't like, I may come in prepared to do that. If I'm working on new material, for a new section or to extend a section further, my tendency is not to have very extensive plans, but to let material come out of the rehearsal process.

CORADDI: Since you came into dance via stage design, stage design must still be fairly important in your dances. Does the stage design get dictated by the motion, or does the stage design ever come first and the motion plays off the environment?

JG: Both. My main design activity has been in lighting.

Any time you put a set on a stage it is going to create limitations. Dancers tend to be used to working on a bare stage. A lot of choreographic principles built around the rectangle of the stage, the diagonal and the entrances and exits. Once you put obstacles in the way it creates a different kind of



space. I'm interested in that. It is challenging to have to work with different spacial rules, the set creates limitations, therefore you have to devise new rules that have to do with the spatial dynamics.

In a recent piece, I knew I wanted a set from the beginning, conceived the set pretty early on, built the set half way through,

and ended up having to change some of the choreography to work within the space left by the set on the stage. That was fine.

Other times I will use design elements that are not as intrusive. I sometimes use overhead projections. Something overhead isn't in the way at all but it does create a design element that you have to integrate with dance. It is there and it creates a certain dynamic to the space. Last winter I used five clouds. They started on the ground, so in the initial part of the piece they were in the way, the dance had to work around them. Then they slowly rose so that by the end of

the dance they were high in the space so they didn't interfere with the dance.

CORADDI: In forms like painting and sculpture and to some degree, writing, there is a sense of striving for permanence in the result. In a performance art, like dance, the medium is motion which is by nature impermanent. I was won-

dering how you deal with that.

JG: Dance is the art form that suffers most from that. Theatre is not theatre except in live performance, but the script does live on and can be reproduced, remounted by another group of actors, by another director with another interpretation. Mu-

ly records, on a spool, trying to hear the music through all the distortion and only hearing a certain amount of range and hearing a lot of noise along with the music. Videos of dance are about at that stage. They are small and flat. You could make the images bigger by doing it on film, but economically people are not that inter-

ested in dance. At least you would have the size to have some impact instead of seeing these little dots. So much of dance is choreographed for a large space. It is not close-up kind of work. A video screen is a terrible medium for it. The only technology that would really be able to record dance as well as music is recorded today is to have holography, so that you could have the three dimensionality and reproduce dance in the same way that you see it on the stage. Maybe that will happen one day, but it will be awhile. I think dance is almost impossible to appreciate, except live.



sic, you can hear the live performance on recording better than you can hear it in the concert hall. Again there is a different ambience to a live musical event that a lot of people don't ever recognize if they don't go. The only mediums that can capture dance at all are film and video and those technologies are limited at this time. Kind of like ear-



interview by:
Wil Gehne

Dance photographs throughout from recent dances by Jena Gamble

Very early in her life Anne Deloria was drawn to theatre and then to dance, as a means of expressing the fantasies and earth focussed experiences of her childhood. Already in her teens she was studying dance with such notable teachers as John Neumeyster, now head of the Hamburg Ballet. She took her bachelor's and master's degrees in dance at the University of Michigan and has studied in numerous styles with many different teachers in New York. She joined the faculty at UNCG in 1975.

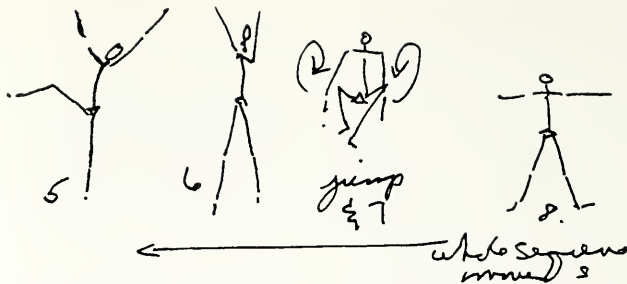
CORADDI: How would you characterize your personal style of dance? Does it develop logically from your experience?

AD: People say I do; I don't consciously try to create a style. I've studied in a lot of different schools of dance. When I was starting to dance, I would find a technique that would feel good to my body, or that I would connect with in a way that I could feel I was really learning from, but there was always a piece that was missing, so I never found the one technique that suited both my body and mind. Intellectually I loved the fast kind of changes where I would have to do a lot of thinking, like the Merce Cunningham style. I love the dramatic aspect of some of the Martha Graham work, but my joints weren't the kind that would go into that and I didn't want to

have just that one style, it always felt totally bound. I didn't get the feeling of release and flying that I also loved. Then I explored some other things that had a lot of breath rhythms for a basis for movement. In the meantime I was studying a lot of other body work systems. This all developed over a long period of time. I was searching for very specific kinds of things. What I have been doing in my own work is putting them together. My style contains elements of all of those things. I feel that sensate awareness is absolutely critical. I am constantly trying to create total sentient awareness in dancing, and to heighten the energy flow. There is something transformational in being able to yield totally to an artistic idea that says this is the way you are experiencing this. I don't know how to explain that exactly. It is very sentient, has meaning at all levels. I work with a kinesthetic sense of even the organs being involved. The dimensionality of the body becomes very important. It isn't just that the arm does that, it might be that at any one point in time it is the flow of energy through the body or the blood pulsing that is making a movement

happen, or the breath is initiating, supporting the movement. Or I am actually visualizing something that I am dancing. When we are out there, it is not just me creating this thing. I also have to open it up.

I have realized I really teach about energy and about where that goes, what it is in dancing. How to access it and how to utilize it. The energy is always there, it is how one contains it and how one releases it and how far within the energy field one chooses to pull it in or expand it, or what happens when two or more energy fields mix. When I allow that to happen something changes in both. There is information coming in many ways, I take in a lot more. If I close that off I am only aware of my own. One of my purposes in performing or in doing body work is to be totally aware of others and my own energy because the other thing I could do is lose myself and get totally lost in another's energy field. If there is a style to my dancing it is achieved through use of energy and where the energy is released. Whether that is about breath flow, or an image I am creating, or thinking about an organ moving a body part, it is all a particu-



lar kind of energy flow. I utilize all aspects of the human body and the imagination. The difference is that when I am making dances or dancing I don't use these things as analogies, I go one step deeper and really see if I can get into that consciousness to be able to allow the body what it needs in order to fulfill that conscious idea. That way I don't have to think each moment, do this to this leg, do that to that leg.

It helps to connect the whole. I think a lot of artists do this, they just don't talk about it or maybe don't realize that is what they are doing. They just experience it as good performing and being clear. It is working with energy in a particular way and working with consciousness in a particular way. When you put the two together, whatever the action is, it is all energy in transformation.

I am doing a lot of work in other areas related to ways to utilize specific energy states and seeing how I can bring them into my dancing. It is making my performing much more articulate. I have learned a lot from Deborah Hay, a dance artist who calls this cellular consciousness. When I have worked with her, I have learned a lot about what I do, how I think. I have taken in some new things from working with her in that way, but I have translated it to develop it in my own way.

CORADDI: Do you find that there is an acceptance of this approach on a formal level or on an academic

level?

AD: It depends on the form that it is presented in. I don't think this approach has much visibility by itself. I think people respond primarily to the form of it, whether they like what they see or don't like it. I think there is a great deal of acceptance of it without realizing that is what is happening because what one will experience is good performance, when it is experienced. There are times when the performance just didn't click, because the consciousness was not where it needed to be, either by the performer or the person watching. I think this approach has a lot to offer if I can find a way to make it more readily accessible, find a language for a practical way to teach it. It helps focus; it helps concentration.

CORADDI: Do you choreograph as well as perform?

AD: I choreograph my own work, and I choreograph on other people. Where the biggest challenge lies is in trying to translate what you see and experience for other people. I work with the energy of the dancers, as an interactive process. I utilize a lot of things that they create, or how they may have particular ways of executing something. I look for their particular energy, or a way that somebody is themselves within a movement. My search is to be able to find

that elusive thing and to play with that choreographically. The difficult part is when you want something to look all the same. The challenge becomes that of getting them all to achieve the same group consciousness that has to be expressed in one particular form, with everybody feeding their own individualized energies into it. Dancers who have practiced many different forms and ways of doing things do this automatically. They have an easier time than those who haven't or those who have had very different schools of learning in dance. This fascinates me because I think that is what happens on a larger scale, in life concerning individuality and group consciousness, and how these can interrelate. If six people are coming across the stage and you want them all to leap at the same time they have to do something internally in order to leap on the same beat. You can talk about that phenomenon in technical dance terms. You can also talk about it in terms of the consciousness. All have to act as a group, and at the same time be conscious of what the body is doing individually to accomplish this leap. One can experience the consciousness of group and still miss the beat. I am very fascinated about what actually happens in this process. I am still learning a lot about this, how can I teach this kind of thing. What kind of metaphors to give, what ways to approach the movement.

CORADDI: In many kinds of art there seems to be an effort to create for generations to come or immortality. How do you deal with the fact that dance by nature is a moment then is gone?

AD: Permanence is not the dance. You can't ever capture it. Part of it is the excitement of having an audience. That moment in time is a phenomena, dance is a phenomenological event. I feel that the dance exists in the moment and is new each time it is performed and is created anew each moment. I can do the same dance, but it is not the same dance every time I do it. Externally the form is the same but if I were to look at four versions of that dance I would say they are four different dances. The last time I would have done it four times more and by the nature of that action it has evolved into something else. The changes are subtle but nonetheless there. Any time you do it is the moment you are creating it. There are some performances when you feel it is closer to being in this immediate state all the time. When I have pulled away from this immediacy, it is not as good. I have relied on the external form instead of being fully present in it. Dancers talk about being really "on." I think that means they are fully conscious of the creating of each moment. Each audience brings different energies to the performance.

The energies people bring in are there and you are dancing with them whether you like it or not. Whether you acknowledge it or not contributes to the whole experience. You might end up putting the same amount of attention into it as the previous night, but it might not be connecting with George in the third row. That is the challenge of dance, it being an immediate thing and that it is a living thing.

One other aspect of the work I do is collaborative. I work with musicians,



painters, poets. Much of the work I have done has been in making dances that have been created together with other artists. This is more exciting for me. I am getting feedback at the same time I am involved in the creating. It brings me closer to that heightened state of awareness, sometimes. Other times we are both there and nothing creative is happening, but at least there is some energy there in the relationship. It is challenging to make it not just a compromise, but a collective thing better for the parts coming in. I find the energies of other artist to be enervating and stimulating. I think it is because I have had a lot of collective experience with the theatre group I started with.

That was what I learned to thrive on, the atmosphere of give and take and digging in together for creative work. I like the concept of community in art. There are a lot of choreographers that feel the opposite of that, they just want that room alone. There are times when I do that too, probably as much as I do the other but it is for a different purpose, for getting clarity, or to evolve a particular solo piece.

Frankly, there is enough creative energy that is being used for indiscriminate destruction of this planet and I am very interested in not contributing to that. Being creative without being destructive of the whole. Not that one isn't firmly committed to one's own point of view, but committed to one's point of view as part of a larger context. We are responsible for what we create. The arts are incredibly powerful. That doesn't mean that everything in art has to be upbeat but that one deals with what is out there in life and one deals responsibly with it in a way that might awaken someone to question, to become conscious. I think to me that's why I keep doing it, to make connections with other human beings and all life. And to reinforce my belief that we all have something to say.



interview by:
Ricq Pattay

JVD: My composition process is divided between the time I work by myself and the time I work with my dancers. I spend a lot of time working by myself with the music or with an idea. I write it down in order to bring it into rehearsal. Like that (shows notes). I sat down and got these ideas and then I decided the one I wanted to try out, which are the ones with the arrows. Then I wrote out counts, and these are people's names

JVD: Most of it is prerecorded. I have collaborated with composers when I

γ CI beat up
 γ 2 walk outer
 4 he was nice
 basis + some
 III III 2 + 1/2
 then DM + P
 next → re
 Har CI + f
 solar mic ago
 D
 DP J Me M

JVD: They vary. The show that we just did in September had a Laurie Ann

derson piece, a group called the Turtle Island String Quartet, which is string jazz, and a piece that is largely original music by Gil Fray, a composer who works here. I try not to have too much of the same kind of music on a program.

CORADDI: Do you have a consistent style in the dances you compose? How would you characterize the work that you have done and have been doing recently?



JVD: I would say my work is very movement oriented.

My work is about dancing. I don't usually have sets or elaborate costumes. The dance is not usually about a particular time and place. Often I'll start with a movement idea or an image that I have and then let it lead me. Sometimes I just start on a piece and it goes. I bring it to the dancers and they make the ideas visible and the dance takes on a life of it's own. I try to let that happen. I feel that at the end I'll understand something I didn't know at the beginning, something that I couldn't put into words but I could put into movement. I would say that my dances are very much about movement and movement as a means of characterizing an idea.

CORADDI: Are the dances that you compose normally for groups? Have you composed solos frequently?

JVD: When I was doing a lot of performing myself I did a lot of solos. That was the least expensive thing for me to do. I could work by myself. I haven't made a new solo since 1985. Maybe someday I'll find a dancer for whom I want to make a solo. I haven't really felt the urge to make a solo since I stopped working by myself.

CORADDI: Do you find one or the other more rewarding? What are the differences between composing for numerous figures and composing a solo?

JVD: I think the most essential difference is that if I am doing a solo on myself I can't see it, I can only feel it. Now with videotape, it is more possible to see what I am doing. If I am not in the dance, if I can just teach it to people, I can see it and shape it just like a sculptor would. I have that kind of distance from my work. If I am in it I don't have any distance at all. My concentration is split between making the dance and learning to perform it. I find it much better to choreograph and stay out of the work. It is not all the same process. Making a solo on yourself is in some ways very satisfying. You go into the studio and have a lot of hours just working, without having to bother with other people. That must be a little like the way a poet works.

CORADDI: When you are composing for a group, which you do most now, how do you find the balance between composing for the group as a group and composing for each figure individually so that you don't have in one extreme, unison, and the other extreme: so many things going on that an audience couldn't absorb it.

JVD: That balance is very important. How you find it differs from piece to piece. Sometimes you don't find it. I guess I find it most easily by sitting back and looking at what I have done, trying to see it with fresh eyes, not looking at whether people are on the count or doing the movement right but just looking at the work as if for the first time. This gives me a pretty good idea what I as an audience would think of my work.

CORADDI: That is a hard distance to get.

JVD: It is. It is sort of like a Zen meditation, trying to have a beginner's mind each time you look at it.

CORADDI: Do you get other fresh eyes on your work in the composition process, like critique from colleagues?

JVD: If I am having a problem sometimes I do. Usually I don't feel comfortable showing it until it is done.

CORADDI: In dance where your medium, motion, is impermanent, how do you deal with that?

JVD: It is a fact of life in this field. Dance is very transitory. You do a lot of work, present it and it's over. It is very ephemeral and you just have to accept that. Dance scholars write about this all the time, the elusiveness of dance.

CORADDI: Tell us some things about the pieces from your last show. The most recent things that you have done. What you are getting at in those dances, what you are trying to do, what you have been.

JVD: On this concert I did three pieces. One was a piece I choreographed in 1982, which is fast and hard driving. I also showed a piece from 1987 which is about relationship. The third piece I did brand new for this concert, a trio, also about relationship. I suppose in a sense my work is going in that direction.

CORADDI: Relationship in the sense of . . .

JVD: Human relationships. My work has also been very concerned with spatial relationships and relationships of time and space. That has been the core of my work for a long time, working rhythmically with movement. In music you hear a rhythm, a pulse, an underlying beat. In dance I just make my

pulse or rhythms beat visible, shaping them visually.

CORADDI: Do the spatial and physical relationships take on a vocabulary to represent human relationships?

JVD: I think that is what has happened with these two pieces, so we'll see where it goes. I'm not sure yet where it will take me.

CORADDI: Are many other dancer's approaches along that line? Towards emotional expression as opposed to physically theoretical expression.

JVD: During the seventies and a good part of the eighties the prevalent aesthetic in modern dance was movement for its own sake. Just pure movement devoid of meaning. Whatever meaning an audience finds in it is their own interpretation. In a sense what I am doing is moving away from that. I am also very concerned about movement for its own sake.

I guess what I am trying to do is mesh interesting rhythmic form with emotional content.

CORADDI: The emotional content, is that more traditional in dance, going back to ballet?

JVD: It goes back to Graham and Humphrey. Now I think people are seeing emotion as a vast untapped realm that we have ignored for a long time. I have become more interested in that lately.

CORADDI: Do you enjoy the fact that modern dance is uniquely American? How American has it remained?

JVD: I should say that in the thirties there was a modern dance movement in Europe. Isadora Duncan was one of the first modern dancers. She went to Europe and spent most of her career in Europe. When she started out at the beginning of the century, all artists had to go to Europe in order to be validated. Then you could be really famous in America. Duncan went there and she stayed. Through her ideas modern dance developed in Germany in the thirties. Then some of those German dancers came to the United States. The center of the art world has shifted from Paris to New York since the



late twenties to early thirties. Modern dance lived and breathed in New York for all those years until the National Endowment for the Arts started pushing it

out to the rest of the country.

CORADDI: Is there an accepted definition of modern dance?

JVD: When I think of it I think in terms of individual expression. Letting the artist determine what the art is, instead of letting the art determine who the artist is. Ballet is the antithesis. In ballet you have a form, a tradition, and only people who fit into that tradition can be ballet dancers. In modern dance the tradition is individualism. It is up to the individual to decide what he or she will do. You don't have to look like a ballerina to be a modern dancer, but you can if you want to. You don't have to dance like a ballerina to be a modern dancer, although you can if you want to. Your dances don't have to be any particular length or about any particular thing or use any particular kind of music or anything. It is a freedom of choice for lack of a better word. Ability to choose that gives the form the vitality. It makes it attractive to certain kinds of people who like that kind of freedom.

CORADDI: Which encourages a very American sort of mind-set.

JVD: Absolutely.

CORADDI: That makes a lot of sense. You said that ballet and modern dance are antithetical.

JVD: In some ways. In that

way.

CORADDI: Are techniques of ballet ever brought over to modern dance for contrasting purposes?

JVD: Increasingly for technical purposes. It used to be in the twenties and thirties modern dancers shunned ballet absolutely and everything that had to do with it. A big energy in modern dance was the rebellion against ballet. Lately, the reverse has been happening. Modern dancers study ballet and incorporate ballet steps into the choreography. Sometimes very blatantly and sometimes slightly modified. A lot of modern techniques now incorporate ballet. It has been a kind of thoughtful reconsideration of the good things that ballet has to offer.

CORADDI: So when those techniques are brought back they are not brought back as caricature.

JVD: Sometimes they are. There is a lot of poking fun at ballet. But also modern dance has taken quite a lot from them. The reverse is happening as well.

Ballet is taking quite a lot from modern. North Carolina Dance Theatre is a modern ballet company. That means that they dance en pointe but use their bodies in a way that modern dance has developed.

CORADDI: The bringing back of the technique is similar to the bringing

back of the emotional content. Bringing back both traditions.

JVD: Yes, and a slow melding.

CORADDI: Do you think that could result in at some future point a complete synthesis of one form, or of a completely new form?

JVD: I hope it doesn't result in the abolishment of the two forms but it might create a third form, which I think is what is happening. Some people say that it will eventually create this synthesis and that is all we will have. I don't think we will ever lose classical ballet or hard modern, but we are developing this hybrid.

CORADDI: But it is a slow process.

JVD: Yes. Training a dancer is a slow process. As choreographers and teachers evolve in their thought, the way they train dancers will evolve. And so, aesthetics will evolve. It happens over generations. Hopefully it will never stop.



interview by: Wil Gehne



